

## Household Matters

### In Sewing Buttons.

In sewing on buttons have the knot of the thread on the right side directly under the button, and see if the button does not stay longer.

### Wild Flowers in the Home.

Not every one has a flower garden, but every one who spends even a part of the summer in the country has the freedom of the roadsides, pastures, meadow and woods; the wild gardens which belong to every man and no man, where every one is free to gather, and no one to forbid. Of course it is by courtesy and custom that this freedom extends to the fields and woods, and perhaps the unacknowledged obligation enhances the privilege of leaving the long narrow roadside flower beds, and looking for rarer and more effective things along fences and hedges and in shadowed and solitary places.

If one has acquired the habit of wild-flower gathering, and the knowledge of what to gather and how to bring her gleanings safely home, and the still further knowledge of the best decorative effect to be gotten from them, she has reached a possibility of great satisfaction and every-day happiness.—Candace Wheeler, in the Atlantic.

### Washing Curtains.

If they are thin, madras, bobbinet, muslin or Nottingham, they should be free of dust, washed in warm suds, squeezing and laying up and down in place of rubbing, boiled, rinsed, blued or yellowed, lightly starched while still wet, and dried as quickly and as straight as possible. Do not iron, but baste broadish hems at top and bottom and run into each a stout, unpainted curtain pole as long as the curtain is broad. Stretch the curtain smooth upon the pole at each end, then hang up, sprinkle well and let dry. The weight of the lower pole straightens and smooths it.

Repeat until all the curtains are dry, then rip out the hems and press lightly with a warm, not hot, iron. If there are wrinkles or cat faces after hanging the curtains wet those spots and pull down hard upon them. Usually they dry out as smooth as need be.

Ruffled curtains can have the ruffles fluted after coming off the pole. If hanging is impossible, simply stretch the curtains between the two poles. Take care that the poles are smooth and stout enough not to spring.

Real lace curtains after washing can be pinned out upon sheets spread upon the floor, tedious work, but worth while. Pin the corners first, drawing them perfectly square, then stretch every scallop in line with the corners and pin it fast. After all are pinned go over the whole curtain with a damp cloth, patting it hard to remove the least trace of starch. This makes the curtain look quite new and does not wear them in the least. But with several pairs it is apt to be impracticable; then the recourse to frame drying. No sort of lace should ever be ironed, not even upon a mangle. — Washington Times.



**Fruit Jelly**—Soak one box of gelatine one hour in one pint of cold water; when soaked, pour on one pint of boiling water, then put in a quart of fruit. Pineapples, canned strawberries or raspberries or other fruits may be used. Add one-half cup of sugar and one teaspoonful of lemon, then pour in mold to harden. Serve with whipped cream.

**Strawberry Dumplings**—Roll out a layer of cream of tartar biscuit dough very thin; butter and spread very thickly with ripe strawberries which have been rolled in sugar; then roll the dough up, pinch the edges tightly together and steam for three-quarters of an hour. When done, serve immediately, cutting slices from the end, jelly-roll fashion. An egg sauce or whipped cream is delicious with this dessert.

**Pineapple Custard**—Make smooth three tablespoonfuls of flour with one of butter and stir into a quart of boiling milk. Have ready the beaten yolks of eight eggs, add to them two-thirds of a cup of sugar and turn into the mixture constantly for three minutes. Add, when cold, a cupful of chopped pineapple and four tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Cover with a meringue of the whites of the eggs and four dessert spoonfuls of powdered sugar. Brown lightly in the oven.

**Veal Curry**—Veal is one of the especially adapted for curries. Here is an admirable recipe, recommended at the New England School of Cookery: A slice of veal half an inch thick, weighing a pound and a half, is cooked quickly in a frying pan without any butter. The surface should be quickly seared. Take out of the pan and cut in pieces about an inch and a half square. Make the curry sauce as follows: Fry two sliced onions and add to the butter the meat, half a tablespoonful of curry powder, and boil water to cover. Cook slowly until meat is tender. Thicken when done with four stirred into cold water and season with salt, cayenne and a squeeze of lemon juice. Serve with a border of boiled rice.

The United States assayer at Seattle states that the output of gold from the northern country this year will amount to \$22,000,000.

## GOVERNOR DOUGLAS TELLS BOYS HOW TO WIN SUCCESS

"Stick to Your Last," Says the Chief Executive of the Bay State, and Keep Your Ambitions High.

FROM a place at the cobbler's bench at a mere pittance, William L. Douglas has risen to the highest position in Massachusetts, that of Governor, and has made himself a millionaire. He is to-day the ideal "successful man" in business and politics, and has just had the honor of declining a second nomination for Governor, which was practically assured to him.

His rules and precepts of success are given by him through the Boston Sunday American. They are rules that he has tried and tested; the rules which have elevated him to the highest position in the gift of his State; the rules which have won for him an enormous fortune.

The Governor is interested in boys. He declares that these rules are given for the benefit of boys. Here they are:

By William L. Douglas,  
GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

What are the secrets of success? Will I tell the boys of Massachusetts what I think they are? Recently, in talking to a delegation of bright-faced boys, I told them that they should, in order to make the most of life, obey the old maxim, "Stick to your last."

If you don't you'll find that old ogre, called trouble, bobbing up in your pathway every now and then, and you'll never get to be on speaking terms with success.

Fortune, you know, favors the brave. Well, in the battle of life the really brave man is the one with courage enough to "stick to his last" in the face of early rebuffs and temporary reverses. He's the fellow who will eventually be able to laugh at trouble and to get chummy with success.

What would you think of a shoemaker who, after making part of a shoe on one last, became dissatisfied, and started another shoe on a different last, keeping up this method until he had finally spent all his money for stock and had nothing but a lot of half-finished shoes to show for it? Foolish way to do, isn't it? But it's no more foolish than for a young man to tackle a new line of business every little while until he grows too old to learn any business thoroughly.

### KEEP AMBITION AT TOP NOTCH.

Every thing in nature is fitted to do one thing well and spends its whole life doing it. You never hear of the ant going into the honey-making business; nor of the bee building ant-hills for a change. Each one knows its place in the world and sticks to it, and that is what boys must do if they would accomplish great things.

Of course, boys are somewhat handicapped as compared with the bees and ants. You see, boys are not often born with a knowledge of just what kind of last they're best fitted to peg away on. But nearly every boy at an early age displays an aptitude for something, and if that aptitude is properly developed the process of selecting a last is simplified.

And remember always to keep your ambition up to the top notch. Whatever you do, try to do it better than the other fellow. At school make it a point to stand at the head of your class; and at play don't be satisfied until you can jump the farthest or throw the straightest. Then when you enter business life this matter of getting ahead will become a habit.

### DO WHAT YOU CAN DO BEST.

Now I want to give you another thing to think about while you're growing up and preparing to win fame and fortune in the commercial world. It is this: Don't try to do what you like—do what you can. That's a good companion-phrase for "stick to your last." Don't let the attraction of something you don't know lure you away from the thing you do know. Once upon a time a young man whose father made pickles, and who had learned the pickle business from A to Z, decided that he'd like to go into the business of making molasses candy. He didn't know anything about it, but he liked molasses candy and thought it would be great fun to make it and sell it. So he proceeded to try his hand at the business. The result was disastrous. His candy wasn't good candy, because he didn't know how to make it properly, and, therefore, nobody wanted to buy. Finally he went back to the pickle business and made a fortune, because he certainly did know how to make good pickles, and everybody bought them.

Do what you can and stick to it. That's wisdom. About the most striking sentence I remember is this one, written by the great philosopher, Thomas Carlyle: "The king is the man who can." There's a whole volume of sound sense contained in those seven one-syllable words. All the elements of success are there set forth and the whole secret of greatness sticks out conspicuously from that simple sentence—"The king is the man who can."

### EVERY BOY MAY BE A KING.

It is possible for all you boys to be kings, provided each fits himself to do some one thing better than others do it. But you must work and study and persevere. You can't inherit kingship from your fathers; you must win them in competition with the world. As to how to go about this, every boy will have to work out the problem for himself. There is no fixed rule for determining the capabilities of any boy, and the methods that will convert one bundle of human material into a successful business man may prove a total failure when applied to the next parcel. Boys in their dispositions and possibilities bear a striking resemblance to toads. Did you ever poke a toad to make it jump? If you did, then you know that you can never tell what direction or how far toads will jump until after they have been poked. And it's the same with boys. We never know what a boy can do until after he has been tested. But we're sure of one thing, and that is this: If a boy chooses his last in the light of his ability, and sticks to it through thick and thin, he'll win out in the end.

### Death of Gleggarry's Daughter.

It seems wonderful to read of the death of a daughter of the Highland Chief who was the original of Fergus MacIvor in "Waverley." Mrs. Forbes, mother of Sir William Forbes, of Pittsboro, who has just died at the age of eighty-four, was a daughter of Alexander MacDonell, the sixteenth chief of Gleggarry, who was an intimate friend of Scott, and there are many references to him in Lockhart's delightful biography of his father-in-law. "Gleggarry" was the last highland chieftain who kept up the ancient feudal customs as far as possible, and he always traveled in befitting state with a "tail" of clansmen in attendance.

He died in 1828, leaving his immense property heavily encumbered. His son and successor emigrated to Australia, and the estates of Gleggarry and Gleggarry were sold in 1840 for £120,000 to the late Lord Dudley (then Lord Ward), from whom they were afterward purchased by Mr. Edward Ellice ("the Bear"), and they now belong to his daughter-in-law. Scott described Gleggarry as "savage and picturesque." —London Truth.

### Japanese Radish.

Picture to yourself a pure white radish the size of a baseball or larger, firm and solid. Such is the Japanese radish. Cut it, and you find it has the consistency of a Baldwin apple, firm and fine grain; taste, and it proves to be away ahead of the most delicate spring radish that ever passed your lips. It will thrive at any season during the growing year; it may be transplanted, left alone; it is as good to eat when in bloom as in its younger days, and one radish will provide bulk enough for three or four people or more.—Garden Magazine.

### Where Ignorance is Bliss.

A well-known physician has observed that the best thing that can happen to a man with diabetes is not to find it out, and the same might be said with some justice of a number of diseases.—Hospital.

### A Correction.

Senator Dubois, of Idaho, tells of the case of a miner in that State who had been reported as dead by a number of the Idaho newspapers.

It would appear that the miner had a keen sense of humor, for with reference to an obituary of himself which appeared in a Boise City paper the alleged dead man addressed the editor with a view to correcting certain misstatements in the said obituary.

"My dear sir," wrote he, "relative to the obituary of myself appearing in your issue of the 23d ultimo, I beg leave to call your attention to several errors therein. In the first place, I was born in Massachusetts, not in Rhode Island; secondly, the cause of my death was not heart disease." —Collier's.

### Musical Instruments.

"I see that a committee from the Albany Musicians' Union has called on the United Traction Company," said a young father to me this morning. "To ask permission to carry on the cars their bass viol and bass drums. If that concession is made I shall insist on being allowed to take my baby carriage on board. They both come under the head of music and are both public necessities. Theirs is instrumental music while mine is vocal." —Albany Journal.

### Sleeping Sickness.

To the present science has proved powerless to cope with that strange malady, the sleeping sickness. The ablest physicians, not only of Belgium, but of England, France and Germany, have studied the disease exhaustively. Though much valuable data relating to its cause and effect have been collected, the discovery of its antidote seems to be as far off to-day as ever.—From "The Story of the Congo Free State," by Henry Wellington Wack.

United States Consul General, of Lyons, France, reports that the European orange crop is almost a complete failure.

## Droll Stories of the Passing Moment.

### GUESSED RIGHT.

Pat took Mike to a cathedral and sought to impress upon him the beauties of the structure.

Mike, duly impressed, exclaimed: "Pat, this bates the divil."

Pat replied: "Sure, that's what it's intended for."

### THE LONE IRISH STATE.

The German banker of Church street loves to tell the story of the two Irishmen who discussed the "nationality of the American States." Said Pat: "Faith, an' be jabbers, if this grate country ain't overrun wid the Irish, an' yit out of thirty-two States in the Union not wan has an Irish name." "Sure an' yer wrong," replied Mike. "What's the matter wid O'Regon?" —New York Press.

### NEW WEBSTER STORY.

Representative Kyle, of Ohio, submits this as a new Noah Webster story:

Noah Webster was caught by his wife kissing a maid.

"Noah, I'm surprised," his wife said. "Tush, tush, my dear! How often have I talked to you of the niceties of the English language?" replied the embarrassed Noah. "You are not surprised. I am surprised. You are astonished."

### A "PHIL" SHERIDAN JOKE.

General "Phil" Sheridan was at one time asked at what little incident did he laugh the most.

"Well," he said, "I do not know, but I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule, which was kicking its legs rather freely. The mule finally got its hoof caught in the stirrup, when, in the excitement, the Irishman remarked: 'ell, begorrah, if you're goin' to get on I'll get off.'"

### TIME AND SETTING HENS.

An enterprising salesman from one of the large cities went to a certain rural community and endeavored to sell an incubator to a farmer. His arguments did not make any impression upon the agriculturist. Finally, as a clincher in favor of his up-to-date improvement he exclaimed:

"Look at the time it will save!"

The farmer squinted a mouthful of tobacco juice on the ground before replying, and then said, with provoking calmness:

"Oh, what's time to a settin' hen?" That settled the question. No incubator was sold.—Harper's Weekly.

### A POLITE REQUEST.

In the suburbs of Baltimore there is an ancient glue factory that at times floods the surrounding scenery with an odor strange and far from sweet. A street railway line runs past the building, and one day last summer when the place was indulging in a wild outburst of inglorious incense, an open car passed, in one of the seats of which sat an Irish laborer and a middle-aged lady. The Irishman's features expressed unutterable things and the lady sniffed diligently at a bottle of smelling salts. The car came to a stop, the glue rioted worse than ever, and the son of Erin could stand it no longer. "Excuse me, mum," he said, humbly, as he doffed his hat, "but might I ask ye to put the stopper in that there bottle?"

### A NAPOLEON OF BUSINESS.

A certain widow, the mother of several children and the custodian of a dog, which had been left, along with sundry debts, by the late husband, found so poor that she could hardly feed the children, to say nothing of a healthy cur. Therefore she decided to sell the dog, or, failing in this, to give it away. The delicate task of negotiating the sale of the dog was entrusted to the eldest son, a boy of ten years. He left early in the morning and returned late in the evening. "Well," asked the mother, "did you sell the dog?" "No," replied the youthful Napoleon of business, "but I traded it for six of the finest pups you ever saw." What happened thereafter is not recorded, but since then poverty and an excess of dogs appears to have gone hand in hand.

### HE SAVED HIS LIFE.

A group of Congressmen who happened to be at the capital during a recess of the National Legislature helped to while away the time by exchanging stories, and one of the statesmen from Pennsylvania told this one regarding a constituent. This man, who lived in one of the small towns of the Keystone State, was appointed naval officer at the chief port in the State. He immediately packed up his belongings and established himself in the metropolis of the Commonwealth. At the end of four years the Administration changed and he relinquished his office. When he returned to the village of his birth his first visit was to his aged mother. She greeted him affectionately and said:

"My boy, you have had four years in a lucrative Federal office. Tell me, now that it is over, what have you saved?"

He was nonplussed for the moment. Not a penny of his salary remained. In an outburst of frankness he turned to her, and leaning over her said, with hearty fervor:

"Mother, I saved my life." —Harper's Weekly.

### ALL THAT WAS COMING.

In Frankfort, Ky., is a quiet character named Ezekiel Hopkins, who once gained local fame by discovering a piece of broken track and flagging an excursion train in time to save disaster. So it was decided to present Ezekiel with a gold watch. The head of the presentation committee, approaching Ezekiel with a grave bow, said: "Mr. Hopkins, it is the desire of the good people of Frankfort that you shall, in recognition of your valor and merit, be presented with this watch, which, they trust, will ever remind you of their undying friendship." Without the least emotion Ezekiel ejected from his mouth a long stream of tobacco juice, took the watch from its handsomely case, turned it over and over in his wrinkled hand, and finally asked with the utmost civility: "Where's the chain?"

### NO REST FOR JOHN.

A farm laborer was working in a field by the roadside one cold day when a clergyman came along the road and stopped to speak to him.

"Plenty of work for you this weather, John?" he called out.

"Ah," said John, "I don't know when I don't have to work, no matter what weather comes."

"That's hard, John," said the clergyman; "but wait till you get to the place of rest, then you will have no work to do."

"Humph!" grumbled John, "you needn't tell me! They'll find a job for John, never fear! It will be: 'Now, John, polish up the sun.' John, you might hang out the stars! John, be quick, now, and light up the moon? No, no, person, there ain't no place of rest for John." —Ram's Horn.

### CROCKETT AND THE MULES.

When Davy Crockett sat in the National Legislature as a Representative of the State of Texas he had many clashes with men of more education but less wit than himself. It is told of him that one day while standing in front of his hotel on Pennsylvania avenue a swarm of mules trotted by under the custody of an overseer from one of the stock farms in Virginia. A Congressman from Boston, who was standing near by, attracted Crockett's attention to the unusual sight, saying:

"Hello, there, Crockett; here's a lot of your constituents on parade. Where are they going?"

The celebrated hunter looked at the animals with a quizzical glance, and then turning to the other, said quietly, but with great emphasis, "They are going to Massachusetts to teach school." —Harper's Weekly.

### AN EYE TO THE FUTURE.

Congressman Morrell, of Philadelphia, in an address to the National Guardsmen, told a story illustrating the complications of civil and military life in the citizen soldiery. Mr. Morrell was colonel of the Third Pennsylvania. He said:

"My regiment was marching down Broad street in the van of an immense and magnificent parade, when, near Walnut street, it became necessary to push the people back a little. The ropes had broken at this point, and the people, quite unintentionally, encroached on the line of the parade."

"I assigned a handful of young privates to help the police handle the crowd, and one private, stationed near me, I kept my eye on. He got everybody back except a fat man. This person did not move."

"Private," said I, "put that fat man back."

"He says he can't get back, the crowd is pushing so," the private answered.

"Put your musket butt in his chest," said I, "and force him back. You are the stronger."

"Yes," said the private, "I know I'm the stronger, but he's the foreman of our shop!"

### OLD ANSWER, NEW REJOINDER.

There had been some trouble over a fine fence, and one of the participants was on trial for assault with a deadly weapon. The defendant, when the case seemed to be going against him, introduced as a witness a man of somewhat shady reputation, who swore that the plaintiff had provoked the fight.

The prosecuting attorney proceeded to cross-examine.

"Now, sir," he said, "you swore that you saw this fight from your house. Is that right?"

"Yes, sir."

"I will ask you how far it is from your house to the spot where the fight took place?"

"It's fifty yards and about two feet."

"Oh, you've measured it, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you do that for?"

"Well, I thought some fool lawyer would ask me the question, and I wanted to have it just right."

The attorney rose.

"Your Honor," he said to the judge, "I thought the witness would indulge in that time-honored bit of repartee, and I have been fool enough to find six reputable and competent witnesses who will testify that this man's house is nearly 100 yards from the scene of the trouble, and is round the corner, where it would have been impossible for him to have seen what was going on. I ask that these men be sworn."

YOUTH'S companion

A gigantic fly, the phormium tenax, is a valuable plant peculiar to New Zealand.



That's 6,000,000 people have to support an army of 430,000 priests, who produce nothing but beautifully illuminated copies of the sacred writings. They hold all the public offices.

One of the show bottles in a Derby (Conn.) drug store contains the same coloring matter that was placed in it in 1864. It is just as bright a blue as it was the day the bottle was closed.

The number of timber sleepers on the railways of the world is calculated to be about 1,494,000,000, and their value is estimated at about \$900,000,000. This item makes a serious drain on the timber supplies of the world.

A bell cast by the Boston patriot, Paul Revere, hangs in the bell tower of the Chapman street schoolhouse, at Greenfield. There is another of his bells in the church at Sunderland. A third one was in the church at Northfield, which was burned several years ago.

The saints have no fewer than 397 streets named in their honor in London. There are 105 Church streets, fifty-six Chapel streets, 100 Queen streets and nearly as many High streets. If a letter were addressed to one of these without further definition it might take some months before it would reach the address.

In the archipelago of Mergui, off the coast of lower Burma, Asia, live the "sea gypsies." Instead of carts they own covered boats, in which with their families, dogs, cats, chickens and pigs, they float about on the sea and wander from island to island. By day they fish or harpoon turtle or dive for oysters; but every night they put back to the shore.

What is believed to be the largest white sapphire ever discovered has just been brought to Berlin by M. Heppner, who has resided for many years in Brazil, where he possesses many mines. Before cutting, the stone weighed 1250 karats, but a flaw caused the cleavage of a piece weighing 400 karats. This piece will produce a cut stone of 100 karats. That cut from the larger piece weighs 418 karats, is two inches long and one inch and a half wide and thick.

### MOLASSES DIET FOR HORSES.

Over Twenty Per Cent. Cheaper Than the Oats and Hay System.

The trucking horses used by a big sugar refining firm in Brooklyn, N. Y., are such fine, big, sleek-looking animals that their passage through the streets attracts attention, and horsemen generally believe that the cost of keeping them in such condition must be considerably above the average.

This is not the case, however, for in the stable of the firm an experiment of mixing molasses with the feed has been made, and the plan has been found to be not only extremely economical, but also of exceptional value in producing nourishment. It costs only thirty-four cents a day to feed these fine horses, which range from 1700 to 1800 pounds in weight. This, according to experts, is from twenty to twenty-seven per cent. cheaper than the old system of maintaining the stock on oats and hay entirely.

This is what the sugar refinery horses eat: In the morning they get a quart and a half of Indian cornmeal, a quart of wheat bran, seven pounds of cut hay and a quart and a half of sugar house syrup, which remains after all possible crystallization of sugar has taken place.

At noon each horse gets four or five quarts of oats and the night ration is the same as that in the morning, except that five pounds of loose hay is placed in the stall in addition.

The hygienic value of the molasses feed formula is proved by an experiment which was made on two rundown horses that had been kept upon ordinary rations. Their weights were 860 and 925 pounds when they were put on the molasses system, and both soon showed improvement in weight and health. At the end of six weeks the smaller had gained 200 pounds, and the other was 181 pounds heavier.—New York Sun.

### Shakespeare and Hiawatha.

An American schoolboy, says the London Chronicle, has written an essay on the "Merchant of Venice," full of original matter. This is his view of Portia: "Portia was a kind and true-hearted young lady. She was very good-natured, especially to some of her gentleman friends, when those young men was going to choose their collins." But the gem of the article relates to Shakespeare himself. "The story was written by Shakespeare, who married Hiawatha. He was born in Venice, where he and the merchant shot arrows of the same fly when boys. It was here that he learned to season mery with justice." Anna Hathaway turned into Hiawatha is a really interesting case of derangement.

### Flats and Health.

The superiority of London over Paris in the matter of health, and especially in the matter of tubercular diseases, is due primarily to the fact that there are fewer flats in the English metropolis than in the French. The excessive elevation of buildings designed to be let in flats prevents the sunlight from reaching the lower rooms, and so makes these the breeding places of every form of disease.—Paris Journal.